

## Article - General Provisions

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§7–318.

(a) The poem “Maryland! My Maryland!”, written by James Ryder Randall in 1861 and set to the tune of “Lauriger Horatius”, is the State song.

(b) The words of the State song are:

I  
The despot’s heel is on thy shore,  
Maryland!  
His torch is at thy temple door,  
Maryland!  
Avenge the patriotic gore  
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,  
And be the battle queen of yore,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

II  
Hark to an exiled son’s appeal,  
Maryland!  
My mother State! to thee I kneel,  
Maryland!  
For life and death, for woe and weal,  
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,  
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

III  
Thou wilt not cower in the dust,  
Maryland!  
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,  
Maryland!  
Remember Carroll’s sacred trust,  
Remember Howard’s warlike thrust,—  
And all thy slumberers with the just,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

IV  
Come! ‘tis the red dawn of the day,  
Maryland!

Come with thy panoplied array,  
Maryland!  
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,  
With Watson's blood at Monterey,  
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

V  
Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,  
Maryland!  
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,  
Maryland!  
Come to thine own heroic throng,  
Stalking with Liberty along,  
And chaunt thy dauntless slogan song,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

VI  
Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,  
Maryland!  
Virginia should not call in vain,  
Maryland!  
She meets her sisters on the plain—  
"Sic semper!" 'tis the proud refrain  
That baffles minions back again,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

VII  
I see the blush upon thy cheek,  
Maryland!  
For thou wast ever bravely meek,  
Maryland!  
But lo! there surges forth a shriek  
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—  
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

VIII  
Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,  
Maryland!  
Thou wilt not crook to his control,  
Maryland!  
Better the fire upon thee roll,  
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,

Than crucifixion of the soul,  
Maryland! My Maryland!

IX

I hear the distant thunder—hum,  
Maryland!  
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,  
Maryland!  
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—  
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!  
She breathes! she burns! she'll come! she'll come!  
Maryland! My Maryland!

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